(second edition.)

SALMAGUNDI;

OR, THE

WHIM-WHAMS AND OPINIONS

OF

LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, ESQ.

AND OTHERS.

In hoc est hoax, cum quiz et jokesez,
Et smokem, toastem, roastem folksez,
Fee, faw, fum. *Psalmanazar.*

With baked, and broiled, and stewed, and toasted,
And fried, and boiled, and smoked, and roasted,
We treat the town.

NO. IV] *Tuesday, February* 24, 1807.

FROM MY ELBOW-CHAIR.

PERHAPS there is no class of men to which the curious and literary are more indebted than travellers—I mean travel-mongers, who write whole volumes about themselves, their horses and their servants, interspersed with anecdotes of inn-keepers—droll sayings of stage-drivers, and interesting memoirs of the lord knows who. They will give you a full account of a city, its manners, customs, and manufactures, though perhaps all their knowledge of it was obtained by a peep from their inn-windows, and an interesting conversation with the landlord or the waiter. America has had its share of these buzzards; and in the name of my countrymen I return them profound thanks for the compliments they have lavished upon us, and the variety

of particulars concerning our own country, which we should never have discovered without their assistance.

Influenced by such sentiments I am delighted to find that the Cockloft family, among its other whimsical and monstrous productions, is about to be enriched with a genuine travel-writer. This is no less a personage than Mr. JEREMY COCKLOFT, the only son and darling pride of my cousin Mr. CHRISTOPHER COCKLOFT. I should have said Jeremy Cockloft *the younger*, as he so styles himself by way of distinguishing him from IL SIGNORE JEREMY COCKLOFTICO, a gouty old gentleman who flourished about the time that Pliny the elder was smoked to death with the fire and brimstone of Vesuvius and whose travels, if he ever wrote any, are now lost forever to the world. Jeremy is at present in his one-and-twentieth year, and a young fellow of wonderful quick parts, if you will trust to the word of his father, who having begotten him, should be the best judge of the matter. He is the oracle of the family, dictates to his sisters on every occasion, though they are some dozen or more years older than himself—and never did son give mother better advice than Jeremy.

As old Cockloft was determined his son should be both a scholar and a gentleman, he took great pains with his education, which was completed at our university, where he became exceedingly expert in quizzing his teachers and playing billiards. No student made better squibs and crackers to blow up the chemical professor; no one chalked more ludicrous caricatures on the walls of the college; and none were more adroit in shaving pigs and climbing lightning rods. He moreover learned

all the letters of the greek alphabet, could demonstrate that water never "of its own accord" rose above the level of its source, and that air was certainly the principal of life, for he had been entertained with the humane experiment of a cat, worried to death in an air-pump He once shook down the ash-house by an artificial earthquake, and nearly blew his sister Barbara and her cat, out of the window with thundering powder. He likewise boasts exceedingly of being thoroughly acquainted with the composition of lacedemonian black broth, and once made a pot of it which had well nigh poisoned the whole family, and actually threw the cook-maid into convulsions. But above all, he values himself upon his logic, has the old college conundrum of the cat with three tails at his finger's ends, and often hampers his father with his syllogisms, to the great delight of the old gentleman, who considers the major, minor, and conclusion, as almost equal in argument to the pulley, the wedge, and the lever in mechanics. In fact, my cousin Cockloft was once nearly annihilated with astonishment, on hearing Jeremy trace the derivation of Mango from Jeremiah King—as Jeremiah King, Jerry King! Jerking, Gerkin! Cucumber, Mango! In short, had Jeremy been a student at Oxford or Cambridge, he would, in all probability, have been promoted to the dignity of a *senior wrangler*. By this sketch, I mean no disparagement to the abilities of other students of our college, for I have no doubt that every commencement ushers into society, luminaries full as brilliant as *Jeremy Cockloft, the younger*.

Having made a very pretty speech on graduating, to a numerous assemblage of old folks and

young ladies, who all declared that he was a very fine young man, and made very handsome gestures. Jeremy was seized with a great desire to see, or rather to be seen by the world; and as his father was anxious to give him every possible advantage, it was determined Jeremy should visit foreign parts. In consequence of this resolution, he has spent a matter of three or four months in visiting strange places, and in the course of his travels has tarried some few days at the splendid metropolis' of Albany and Philadelphia.

Jeremy has travelled as every modern man of sense should do, that is, he judges of things by the sample next at hand—if he has ever any doubt on a subject, always decides against the city where he happens to sojourn, and invariably takes *home* as the standard by which to direct his judgment.

Going into his room the other day, when he happened to be absent, I found a manuscript volume laying on his table, and was overjoyed to find it contained notes and hints for a book of travels which he intends publishing. He seems to have taken a late fashionable *travel-monger* for his model, and I have no doubt his work will be equally instructive and amusing with that of his prototype. The following are some extracts, which may not prove uninteresting to my readers.

MEMORANDUMS

For a Tour, to be entitled

"THE STRANGER IN NEW-JERSEY; *OR, COCKNEY TRAVELLING.*"

BY JEREMY COCKLOFT, *the younger.*

CHAPTER I.

THE man in the moon*—preparations for departure—hints to travellers about packing their trunks†—straps, buckles and bed-cords—case of pistols, *a la cockney*—five trunks—three bandboxes—a cocked hat,—and a medicine-chest, *a la francaise*—parting advice of my two sisters—quere, why old maids are so particular in their cautions against naughty women—Description of Powles-Hook ferry-boats—might be converted into gun boats, and defend our port equally well with Albany sloops—BROM, the black ferryman—Charon—River Styx---ghosts---Major Hunt---good story—ferryage nine-pence---city of Harsimus—built on the spot where the folk once danced on their stumps, while the devil fiddled---quere, why do the Harsimites talk dutch ?---story of the Tower of Babel, and confusion of tongues---get into the stage---driver a wag---famous fellow for running stage races---killed three passengers and crippled nine in the course of his practice---philosophical reasons why stage drivers love grog---causeway---ditch on each side for folk to tumble into---famous place for *skilly-pots ;* Philadelphians call 'em tara-

* *vide* Carr's Stranger in Ireland. † *vide,* Weld.

pins---roast them under the ashes as we do potatoes ---quere, may not this be the reason that the philadelphians are all turtle heads ?---Hackensack bridge ---good painting of a blue horse jumping over a mountain---wonder who it was painted by---mem. to ask the *Baron de Gusto* about it on my return--- Rattle-snake hill, so called from abounding with butterflies---salt marsh, *surmounted* here and there by a solitary hay-stack---more tarapins---wonder why the philadelphians dont establish a fishery here, and get a patent for it---bridge over the Passaic---rate of toll---description of toll boards— toll man had but one eye---story how it *is possible* he *may* have lost the other—pence-table, &c.*---

CHAP. II.

Newark---noted for its fine breed of fat musquitoes ---sting through the thickest boot†---story about *Gallynippers*---Archy Gifford and his man Caliban--- jolly fat fellows---a knowing traveller always judges of every thing by the inn-keepers and waiters‡---set down Newark people all fat as butter---learned dissertation on Archy Gifford's green coat, with plilosophical reasons why the Newarkites wear red worsted night-caps, and turn their noses to the south when the wind blows---Newark academy full of windows---sunshine excellent to make little boys grow---Elizabeth-town---fine girls---vile musquitoes---plenty of oysters---quere, have oysters any feeling ?---good story about the fox catching them by his tail---ergo, foxes might he of great use in the pearl fishery---landlord member of the Le-

* *vide* Carr. † *vide* Weld. ‡ *vide* Carr. *vide* Moore. *vide* Weld. *vide* Parkinson. *vide* Priest. *vide* Linkum Fidelius, and *vide* Messrs. Tag, Rag, and Bobtail.

gislature---treats every body who has a vote---mem. all the inn-keepers members of legislature in New-Jersey—Bridge-town, vulgarly called *Shank-town*, from a story of a quondam parson and his wife—real name, according to Linkum Fidelius, Bridge-town, from *bridge*, a contrivance to get dry shod over a river or brook; and *town*, an appellation given in America to the accidental assemblage of a church a tavern, and a blacksmith's shop—Linkum as right as my left leg—Rahway-river—good place for gun boats—wonder why mr. Jefferson dont send a *river fleet* there, to protect the hay-vessels?—Woodbridge—landlady mending her husband's breeches—sublime apostrophe to conjugal affection and the fair sex*--Woodbridge famous for its crab-fishery—sentimental correspondence between a crab and a lobster—digression to Abelard and Eloisa—mem. when the moon is in *Pisces* she plays the devil with the crabs.

CHAP. III.

Brunswick—oldest town in the state—division line between two counties in the middle of the street—posed a lawyer with the case of a man standing with one foot in each county—wanted to know in which he was *domicil*—lawyer couldn't tell for the soul of him—mem. all the New-Jersey lawyers *mums*—miss Hay's boarding-school—young ladies not allowed to eat mustard—and why?—fat story of a mustard pot, with a good saying of Ding-Dong's—Vernon's tavern—fine place to sleep, if the noise would let you—another Caliban!—Vernon *slew* eyed--people of Brunswick, of course, all squint—Drake's tavern—fine old blade—wears square buck-

* *vide* The Sentimental Kotzebue.

les in his shoes—tells bloody long stories about last war—people, of course, all do the same—Hook'em Snivy, the famous fortune-teller, born here—cotemporary with mother Shoulders—particulars of his history—died one day—lines to his memory, *which found their way into my pocket-book**—melancholy reflections on the death of great men—beautiful epitaph on myself.

CHAP. IV.

Princeton—college—professors wear boots!—students famous for their love of a jest—set the college on fire, and burnt out the professors; an excellent joke, but not worth repeating—mem. american students very much addicted to burning down colleges—reminds me of a good story, nothing at all to the purpose—two societies in the college—good notion—encourages emulation, and makes little boys fight—students famous for their eating and erudition—saw two at the tavern, who had just got their allowance of spending-money—laid it all out in a supper---got fuddled, and d——d the professors for nincoms. N. B. Southern gentlemen.---Church-yard---apostrophe to grim death---saw a cow feeding on a grave---metempsychosis---who knows but the cow may have been eating up the soul of one of my ancestors---made me melancholy and pensive for fifteen minutes---man planting cabbages†---wondered how he could plant them so straight---method of mole-catching---and all that---quere, whether it would not be a good notion to ring their noses as we do pigs---mem. to propose it to the american agricultural society---get a premium perhaps---commencement---students give a

* *vide* Carr and *Blind Bet!* † *vide* Carr.

ball and supper---company from New-York, Philadelphia and Albany---great contest which spoke the best english---albanians vociferous in their demand for sturgeon---philadelphians gave the preference to racoon,* and splacnuncs---gave them a long dissertation on the phlegmatic nature of a goose's gizzard---students can't dance---always set off with the wrong foot foremost---Duport's opinion on that subject---Sir Christopher Hatton the first man who ever turned out his toes in dancing---great favourite with queen Bess on that account---Sir Walter Raleigh---good story about his smoking—his descent into New Spain—El Dorado—Candid—Dr. Panglos—miss Cunegunde—earthquake at Lisbon—Baron of Thundertentronck—jesuits—monks—Cardinal Woolsey—Pope Joan---Tom Jefferson—Tom Paine, and Tom the————whew! N. B. Students got drunk as usual.

CHAP. V.

Left Princeton—country finely diversified with sheep and hay-stacks†---saw a man riding alone in a waggon! why the deuce didn't the blockhead ride in a chair? fellow must be a fool†---particular account of the contruction of waggons---carts, wheelbarrows and quail-traps—saw a large flock of crows—concluded there must be a dead horse in the neighbourhood—mem. country remarkable for crows---won't let the horses die in peace---anecdote of a jury of crows---stopped to give the horses water---good looking man came up, and asked me if I had seen his wife? heavens! thought I, how strange it is that this virtuous man should ask *me* about his

* *vide* Priest. † *vide* Carr.

wife---story of Cain and Abel---stage-driver took a *swig*---mem. set down all the people as drunkards---old house had moss on the top---swallows built in the roof---better place than old mens' beards---story about that---derivation of words *kippy*, *kippy*, *kippy* and *shoo-pig**---negro-driver could not write his own name---languishing state of literature in this country†---philosophical inquiry of 'Sbidlikens, why the americans are so much inferior to the mobility of Cheapside and Shore-ditch, and why they do not eat plum-pudding on Sundays---superfine refections about any thing.

CHAP. VI.

Trenton---built above the head of navigation 'to encourage commerce---capital of the state---‡ only wants a castle, a bay, a mountain, a sea, and a volcano, to bear a strong resemblance to the bay of Naples---supreme court sitting---fat chief justice---used to get asleep on the bench after dinner---gave judgment, I suppose like Pilate's wife, from his dreams ---reminded me of Justice Bridlegoose deciding by a throw of a die, and of the oracle of the holy bottle ---attempted to kiss the chamber-maid---boxed my ears till they rung like our theatre-bell---girl had lost one tooth---mem. all the american ladies prudes, and have bad teeth---Anacreon Moore's opinion on the matter---State-house---fine place to see the sturgeons jump up---quere, whether sturgeons jump up by an impulse of the tail, or whether they bounce up from the bottom by the elasticity of their noses---Linkum Fidelius of the latter opinion---I too---sturgeons' nose capital for tennis-

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* *vide* Carr's learned derivation of *gee* and *whoa*.

† Moore. ‡ Carr.

balls—learnt that at school—went to a ball—negro wench principal musician !—N. B. People of Ameca have no fiddlers but females !—origin of the phrase, "fiddle of your heart"—reasons why men fiddle better than the women—expedient of the amazons who were expert at the bow—waiter at the city-tavern—good story of his—nothing to the purpose—never mind—fill up my book like Carr—make it sell. Saw a democrat get into the stage followed by his dog.* N. B. This town remarkable for dogs and democrats—superfine sentiment† —good story from Joe Miller—ode to a piggin of butter—pensive meditations on a mouse-hole—make a book as clear as a whistle !

FROM MY ELBOW-CHAIR.

I have observed a particular intimacy for these few days past, between that dry wag Will Wizard and my cousin Pindar. The latter has taken his winter quarters at old Cockloft's, in the corner room opposite mine, in order to be at hand and overlook the town. They hardly gave themselves time, on Sunday last, to wait for the family toast of "our absent friends," before they adjourned to Pindar's chamber. In the course of an hour my cousin's enormous mandarine inkstand was sent down to be replenished ;—I began to be seriously alarmed, for I thought if they had exhausted its contents without exhausting their subject, there was no knowing where it would end.

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* Moore. † Carr.

On returning to tea, my cousin Pindar was observed to rub his hands, a sure sign that something tickled his fancy; he however maintained as mysterious a countenance as a seventh ward politician. As to Will Wizard, he took longer strides than usual, his inflexible phiz had an uncommonly knowing air, and a sagacious wink occasionally betrayed that he had more in his head than he chose to communicate. The whole family (who in truth are much given to *wonder* at every thing) were sadly puzzled to conjecture what their two precious noddles had been bothering about.

In the evening, after I had retreated to my citadel, the elbow-chair, I was surprized by the abrupt entrance of these two worthies. My cousin opened the budget at once: he declared that it was as necessary for a modern poet to have an assistant, as for Don Quixote to have a Sancho—that it was the fashion for poets, now a-days, to write so ineffably obscure, that every line required a page of notes to explain its meaning, and render its "darkness visible"—that a modern poem could no more succeed without notes, than a paper kite could fly without a tail. In a word, Pegasus had become a most mulish animal, and would not budge a foot, unless he lumbered along a cart-load of quotations, and explanations, and illustrations at his heels: he had therefore prevailed on Will Wizard to assist him occasionally as annotator and illustrator. As a specimen of their united labours, he handed me the following complimentary ode to that king of the buzzards, Dr. Christopher Costive, informing me that he had plenty more on hand whenever occasion required it. I had been rather surprized lately at the doctor's meddling with us, as he was sure of

gaining more kicks than coppers in return; but I am told an ass loves to have his muzzle scratched with nettles. On expressing my surprize, Will informed me that it was all a sham battle; that he was very intimate with the doctor, and could relate a thousand diverting anecdotes concerning him; and that the doctor finding we were in want of a butt, had generously volunteered himself as our target. I wish him joy of his bargain.

In the following poem it will be observed that, while my cousin Pindar tunes his pipe on the top of the page, Will Wizard, worries away at his thorough bass below. The notes of a modern poem being like the sound of a french horn, bassoon, kettle drum, and bass-viol in our orchestra, which make such a confounded racket, that they entirely drown the song; and no man, who has not the sublime ear of a connoisseur, can tell what the devil tune they're playing.

FLUMMERY,

FROM THE MILL (1) OF PINDAR COCKLOFT, ESQ.

Being a Poem with Notes, or rather Notes with a Poem, (2) *in the manner of*

DOCTOR (3) CHRISTOPHER COSTIVE.

"Prick me bull-calf till he roars." (4)
Falstaff.

THE greatest (5) poet of our day,
From State of Maine to Louisiana; (6)
The hero who did 'sist upon't,
He wouldn't be deputy to mr. Hunt;

NOTES, BY WILLIAM WIZARD, ESQ.

1 *Mill*] As we are not a little anxious to cultivate the intimacy so happily commenced between the doctor and ourselves, we feel bound in candour to confess the charge made against us, of having borrowed from him some of the phrases and ideas of our last number; and we justify ourselves by attributing it to our high regard for his talents: for what can be a greater proof of friendship, now a days, than borrowing? if we were his enemies, we might justify it by the old maxim of "foiling the devil with his own weapons." As to the "mill," which the Doctor so vociferously claims, honest Pindar acknowledges that he borrowed the idea from the Doctor's writings in general; for he never dipped in them without thinking of our nocturnal music-grinder, who continually grinds over and over the same sleepy tune of, "Oh, hard is my fate."

Who rear'd a gallows for each elf, and
Did for *hangman* his own self stand. (8)
And made folks think it very odd, he
Should turn *Jack Ketch* to every body—

2 *Notes with a poem*] Whatever merit may appear in this poem, my friend Cockloft must own that it is entirely owing to his close adherence to his *big* prototype, Dr. Costive. The rhymes are generally *borrowed* from the Doctor's own works, possessing all that quaintness, *cuteness* and clumsiness, for which he is remarkable. As the lesser thing should always depend upon the greater, we have rather inverted the usual title of such works, and made the poem minor. We recommend the Doctor's mode of *compiling* a book to all the nums of the day —as an example, we instance his "Terrible Tractoration," of which as few buy, and still fewer read it, (a proof that the town are not quite such fools as the Doctor would make them) we shall say little. This book was smothered in notes, like a goose in onions—some ill-natured cynics have asserted that what little whim the work contained, lay intirely in the notes, which we are sorry to say were not written by the Doctor;—his poem might therefore be said to resemble the *leg of a stool*, dressed up with *savory sauce*; or, as the Doctor will understand it better, that famous dish called *pumkin-pie*, where, though the *pumpkin* gives the *name* to the dish, yet the great skill of the cook is to hide the twang of it as much as possible with *spice* and *sugar*.

3 *Doctor*] The Doctor, we are told, was not bred a physician; nor was he indebted for his appellation to a gratuituous donation from any university, as Doctor of Laws—he was humourously so dubbed by his neighbours in Vermont, on account of having once benevolently physicked a sick horse: his works bear testimony to his drenching abilities; and we may justly apply to him an unlucky epigram, written on a brother quack in physick and poetry:

This modern mounter of Pegasus,
This clumsy jolter of Jackasses, (9)
Who, now the poets dray-horse starts on,
Anon, the gibbet hurdle carts on.

> "*For physic and farces,*
> *His equal there scarce is ;—*
> *His* farces *are* physick,—
> *His* physic *a* farce *is.*"

4 *Prick bull calf, &c.*] We had not the least expectation that our notice of Dr. Costive, in the last number, would have put him into such an indecent passion. Bless us how he has roared! and, like Falstaff, not only roared, but "ran and roared"—

> ——"*unpacked his heart with words,*
> *And fell a cursing—like a very drab!*
> *A scullion!*"

He has given us a most woeful *scolding* through some eight or nine columns, and plainly proved that our work was not worth a fig, because "Salmagundi" had been heretofore given as a title to another work.—Launcelot Langstaff was evidently copied from Isaac Bickerstaff, because they both ended with *staff*—"Whim-whams" was the same as "Flim flams"—"Will Wizard" was taken from—the lord knows where—"*wintry*" was accidentally mispelled or misprinted *wintery*—and "*weakly*" was borrowed from his own *weakly* productions—oh Midas, Midas, how thine ears do loom through the fog of thy writings—When a man of the doctor's *gumption* can write nine columns against our work and discover no greater faults, we may well be vain; were we to criticise our own writings, they would stand a much poorer chance. In spite of the Doctor's crustiness we still love him in our hearts: he may scold like an old woman, but we know it all arises from that excessive irritibility common to all men who have "written a book," and parti

Now o'er a poem dozes happy,
And next expertly draws the cap; he
Who cares not though the world should know it,
That he's half hangman, half a poet. (10)

cularly a book of doggerel rhymes.—We again assure him of our perfect good will towards himself and his most amiable offspring, that delectable pair of twin brothers, Terrible Tractoration and Democracy Unveiled. May the whole world in general, and posterity in particular, know the proper distinction between hudibrastic and doggerel, and acquit the Doctor from the imputation meanly levelled against him by sundry nincoms, of imitating Hudibras. We are sorry that he should ever have been thought capable of descending to be a copyist, and we challenge the whole world to deny that the Doctor's verse is doggerel, genuine broken-winded, rickety doggerel, whatever his enemies may insist to the contrary. The Doctor's waggery, however, like that of many other double-headed wits, seems often to have been taken by the wrong end. On the first appearance of his Terrible Tractoration, the critics were absolutely at a loss, such was the delicacy of his wit, to say whether he was the champion or opponent of perkinism. Thus the Critical Review for 1803: "His real object cannot always be ascertained—we *think* him, however, the friend of the Tractors." Either the doctor or the critic must have been a dunder-head—we charitably suppose the critic. The Doctor afterwards, like John-a Gudgeon, in the "pleader's guide" explained, and his explanation proved so perfectly satisfactory, that there were very few of the reviewers but could tell, or at least *guess* at his object. The fact was, the Doctor, good inoffensive soul, did not mean to attack any thing—except common sense.—We recommend this work as a sopofific specimen of the Doctor's skill in *balderdash*.

Who gibbetted the knaves so knowing;
That kept Democracy a going,
Hung his *fac-similie* famed Toney (11)
Pasquin, the friend of Mr. Honeé.

5 *Greatest poet*] *Great* is sometimes a positive, sometimes a figurative term—as we may say a *great man*, a *great mountain*, or when speaking of the Doctor, a *great man mountain*—having no allusion here to the mountain which brought forth a mouse. When, however, we speak of the Doctor as a *great* man, or *great* poet, we mean to be understood that he is some six feet six inches high—three feet across the shoulders, nine round the paunch; that he weighs about half a ton, and is withal most clumsily hung together.

6 *Louisiana.*] Though we plume ourselves on adhering closely to the Doctor's rhymes, yet we have taken the liberty of differing a little in the pronunciation of this word—the Doctor gives it in the true eastern dialect, Lousy-anee; but to give it *a-la-costive*—

" Which late, tis said, in weather rainy,
Was melted in Louisiana."

Again: for when the Doctor gets hold of a good rhyme, he is a " woundy toad" for harping on it.

" But please his highness-ship, I wont
Be deputy to mr. Hunt:
No—were it offered 'twould be vain, he
Wont catch me in Louisiana. (or Lousy-anee.)

These two latter lines are truly as musical, as marrow-bones and cleavers, and remind us of that sweet couplet by the Doctor's rival, the inimitable SEARSON.

Form this seat I pass'd to Alexandria,
And am pleased through rural scenes to wander.
SEAR. M. V

Who drags like snail his filthy slime
Through many a ragged hobbling rhyme,
Then calls his billingsgate—sarcastic !
His drabbling doggrel—hudibrastic !

If our reader wishes for more specimens of the Doctor's knack at rhyming, we'll give him the oft repeated tags of "rogues and demagogues," "brewing and ruin" "wildering and children," "women and common," trimming and women," "well-knows and fellows," "comparison and harrass'd-em;" together with an occasional mixture of those attic eastern jing'les of "dandy and handy" and "sugar-candy." The Doctor and Searson's poetic contest is similar to one that whilom took place between two honest tars: (we beg the gentle Joe Miller's pardon for *borrowing* an anecdote) one gave as *prize couplet :*

"*As she slips she slides along,*
"*A faithful friend is hard to find.*"

but the other *rhymster* beat him all hollow by singing out,

"*My quart pot holds a gallon,*
By zounds !"

7 *Deputy to Mr. Hunt*] Mr. Hunt was a *little* man and a young man; the Doctor, although of the same age, feeling the *immensity* of his qualifications refuses to second such a governor, urging his *size,* and like Billy Rugby, alledging that what he wanted in years he made up in *bulk ;* and if he lacked in brains he atoned for all in *garbage.*

8 *Did for hangman &c.*] How the Doctor ever came to stumble on this unhappy idea, we are at a loss to imagine—it is an odd whim-wham" for a fellow to dub himself with the humourous epithet of *hangman.* "We

[Good lack, my friends, 'twould make you soon (
laugh,
To see this jolter-headed moon-calf,
From Hudibras his honours steal,
And break Sam Butler on the wheel.] (13)

would not have his enemies say so." Whether the Doc
tor has a *hanging look* or no we leave others to dete
termine. We are certain he is in no danger of the ga
lows himself; but we warn him to take care how he vis
Connecticut—he may chance to be burnt for a witch
We give the Doctor's own claim to his *Tyburn title.*

Now since ye are a ruffian crew,
As honest Jack Ketch ever knew.
No threats nor growling shall prohibit
My hanging you on satire's giblet. Costive

9 *This clumsy jolter of jackasses.*] As this line pa
takes of the true Costive obscurity, we beg leave to e
plain. There is no intention of calling the Doctor
jackass, we only mean that he makes an ass of Pegasu
and even when on poor Pegasus (so degraded) he is b
a miserable rider. His trotting, pacing, nigglety-na
glety lines, put us often in mind of that pious but qua
expression about the "devil riding rough shod over
soul"

10 *Half a poet.*] Oh fie, friend Cock'loft, this savo
of sheer envy. Were there any doubts of the Docto
being a whole poet—ay, and a *big* poet, the follow
verse would set them at rest. It shows that he is a co
plete jockey on Pegasus, and when the poor nag w
pace, he'll cudgel him as soundly as he does his o
brains.

Yes, we were 'raptured when he said
We're all republican, all fed-
Ral fellow-citizens, Americans,
And hoped we'd done with factions' hurricanes!
Costive

With other things that I might tell ye on
Perfor med by this rump-fed hellion. (14)
—But not o'er long to dwell upon't,
This man as big as an elephant. (15)

this poetic frenzy (alias idiotism), or is it turgid stupidity? truly it is as smooth as a pine log causeway; it confirms the doctor's right to his *sir name*, and can only be matched by a stave from the Doctor's contemporary and rival *rhymster*, Searson—videlicet.

From house to house soon took my departure,
And to the garden looked for sweet nature.
The fishing very great at Mount Vernon,
When there with other scenes I looked upon.
This pleasing seat hath its prospects so high,
That one would think 'twas for astronomy,
'Twould answer for an observatory.

The reader will perceive the similarity in taste, style, and ear of these rival poets. I have their works bound together, and Minshull's into the bargain. It shall hard but that they shall all descend the gutter of immortality together.

! *His fac simile famed Toney*] The Doctor's abuse poor Toney Pasquin, brought forcibly to our recollection the vulgar cant saying about the pot and the kettle. Perhaps no two of the *great* poets of the day are more alike, in most particulars, than Doctor Costive and honest Toney. The Doctor is a true poetic blackguard—and so is Toney. The Doctor is an adept in the billingsgate vocabulary—so is Toney. The Doctor has pattered many a poor devil who never offended him as has Toney. The Doctor has written a book—so has Toney. It may be said of each of them—

"We will not rake the dunghil for his crimes,
Who knows the man will never read his rhymes."

This *sweetest* witling of the age, (16)
This hero, hangman, critic, sage, (17)
This poet of five hundred pound (18)
Has come to grace our hapless town,

The only particular in which they disagree is, that Toney has been occasionally convicted of saying a good thing—the gentle stupidity of the Doctor being entirely innocent of any thing of the kind.

"Oh, here's another pumpion, the cramm'd son of a starved usurer, Cacafogo. Both their brains buttered cannot make two spoonsful." *Rule a Wife*

12 *Soon*] This word is entirely unnecessary to the sense, and is dragged in for no other purpose whatever but to eke out the line, in humbler *imitation* of a dull but honest expedient, frequently made use of by the illustrious Searson and his great rival Doctor Costive.

13 *And break, &c.*] It has for some time been a trick with many a sleepy scribbler, beside the Doctor, though now it has grown rather notorious, to break their crabbed lines with a "fist or stick" or crow-bar, and then ten their *chopped hay* Hudibrastic—thus is poetry daily put on the rack; and thus is poor Butler crucified every hour!

14 *Rump-fed hellion*] Lest the Doctor should here again accuse us of *borrowing*, a thing, by the by, we strongly suspect him of, as we think we can discover that many of his thoughts, and certainly some of his rhymes, are *borrowed* from the immortal Searson and the inimitable Minshull, we acknowledge that we are indebted for this line to Shakspeare. Whether the term *rump-fed* applies to the Doctor or not, we cannot exactly tell, but if we were not afraid of swelling our note we would, following the example of the Doctor in Democracy Unveiled, give our readers an account of

And when he entered, every goose
Began to cackle like the deuce;

famous *rump* parliament, and truly 'twould be as much in point as most of the notes in that celebrated work.

Hellion] "A deputy scullion employed in regions below "to cook up the broth"—Link Fid. The Doctor, good man, has employed himself while on earth, as far as his *weakly* powers would go, in stewing up many a woeful kettle of fish.—

"*Double, double, toil and trouble,*
"*Fire burn, and caldron bubble.*"

Shakspeare must certainly have had the Doctor's weekly mess of *bubble* and *squeak* in view when he wrote the above.

15 *As big as an elephant*] There is more truth than poetry in this comparison. The following curious anecdote was told me by the Doctor himself when I breakfasted with him the other morning: The elephant which travelled lately through our country, was shown in New England; two simple country girls, desirous of seeing what kind of a beast it was, applied for admittance. On entering the room, the Doctor, who was stooping to tie his shoe-string with his back towards them, was for a moment taken for the elephant! they declared it was a clumsy creature—"they could not make head nor tail of it." No wonder, poor things, the critics were as much puzzled themselves, as we have already shown.

16 *Sweetest witling*] A poetic licence, the Doctor certainly being none of the sweetest of personages. Many a fair flower, however, springs out of a dung-hill, and the Doctor is not the first poet who has written a *sweet* song in "marvellous dirty linen."

The asses brayed to one another—
Twas plain—the creatures smelt a brother.

17 *This hero hangman, &c.*]

All hush'd in mute attention sit,
To hear this critic, poet, wit,
Philosopher, all, all at once,
And to complete them all, this DUNCE.

LLOYD.

18 *Five hundred pounds*] i. e. five hundred pounds weight; or in true avoirdupoise, 4 cwt. 1 qu. 24 lbs.

GENERAL REMARK.

We have endeavoured to copy the Doctor's style and manner as correctly as possible throughout this charming poem: the *rhymes* are chiefly "filched" from his own *labours*, and jingle as harmoniously as sleigh bells—like him we have sometimes risen and sometimes descended with all his leaden profundity. Some poets sip in the heliconean stream, others dabble in it. The Doctor exceeds them all—he has a true poetic DIVING BELL—plunges boldly to the bottom, and there drabbles in the mud like a flounder. In the *gallows* part of his poem the Doctor may truly be said to *rise;* and in our touch on the Hellion we have certainly almost equalled those profound sinkings of his genius, where the Doctor even descends *below himself.* We conclude with *borrowing* a speech from old Shakspeare—"Give me thy hand," Doctor, "I am sorry I beat thee; but while thou livest keep a good tongue in thy head."

NOTICE.

While in a "state militant," waging war with folly and stupidity, and assailed on all sides by a combination of nincoms and numskulls, we are gratified to find that our careless effusions have received the approbation of men of wit and genius. We have expressed heretofore our contempt for the applause of *the million*, but we confess ourselves ambitious of the praises of *the few*; we have read, therefore, with infinite self-congratulation the encomiums passed on our productions by the learned and liberal editor of the "People's Friend" The attacks of that *billingsgate droll* Dr. Costive and his whole *North-River fraternity*, could not give us greater delight. We also publish with pride the following card from the authors of "THE ECHO," a work which we have commended to a conspicuous post in our library; and we do hereby shake its authors by the hand as a set of right merry wags, choice spirits, and what we think better than all, genuine humourists.

CARD.

"The authors of THE ECHO send a copy of it to the writers of SALMAGUNDI, which they request them to accept, as a mark of the pleasure they have received from their cervantic effusions."

Now we are in the humour of card writing, we would acknowledge the reception of several effusions in prose and verse, which, though they do great credit to the writers, and would doubtless be

both pleasing and instructing to the public, yet do not come exactly within the intention of our work, the authors therefore will excuse our not publishing them.

We have likewise received a note written in a french hand, but in villanous bad english. Will Wizard has been at much pains to decypher it, but in vain, it is as unintelligible as an Herculanean manuscript. He has discovered, however, that it is a vindication of dancing, together with a long eulogy on the *pas de chal*.

As a considerable part of this paper is taken up with a stupid subject, viz. the doctor, and as we do not wish that our readers should pay for "flummery" merely, we have directed our publisher to give them eight pages extra; this will account for the unusual size of the present number. We confess we *borrowed* this idea among many others from the Doctor, who lately finding that his readers were dissatisfied with the *contents* of his *weakly* paper, endeavoured to put them in good humour by doubling its *bulk*, this he waggishly enough terms *doubling the dose*—oh the droll dog!

Printed by D. Longworth, at the Shakspeare-Gallery.